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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

August Wind

The sharp wind cut a pathway through the cloud,
And left a track of faintly shining blue;
The nun-like poplars swayed and bowed,
And low the swallows flew!

The sudden dust whirled up the stony road,
And blurred the brightness of the golden-rod;
The ripening milk-weed bent, and sowed
Winged seeds at every nod;

Backward the maple tossed her feathery crown,
Then flung her branches on the streaming air;
The brittle oak-leaves dry, and brown,
Rustled with break and tear!

Each wayside weed was twisted like a thread;
Then, suddenly, far up the pasture hill,
Quick as it came the gust had fled,
And all the fields were still.

—*Margaret Deland*

In "The Old Garden"

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1915. NUMBER 26.

UNDAUNTED

Shall I be hurt of *life,* when I myself
Am Soul and Spirit of a larger Life
Which cannot know extinction or defeat?

The thrust of little days, hurt how they will
Leave me unharmed and haply unafraid
To move serenely on and faithfully
Assume my place upon the distant hills
Which bend to me and listen for my feet.

I loiter for a pleasure or a pain—
Perhaps in doing so I recognize
The sacred ground I traverse day by day.

—*Harriet Lake-Burch.*

Perhaps no people in all the distracted territories of Europe are more alive to the tremendous struggle, more interested in the outcome, more heroic in their endurance, than the Poles, and still Poland was dismembered, carved off the map over a hundred years ago. Russia, Prussia, Austria greedily devoured the spoils, but the militant Victors were not equal to the assimilation of live people. It is one more of many illustrations that no nation endowed with vitality, enriched by traditions or language, can be annihilated by the sword; and on the other hand, no nation wanting ideals and the complement of vigor and individuality that goes with such, can triumph permanently over their psychic superiors. Witness the stories of Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and, more conspicuously than all these, the Greeks and the Jews, the two most regnant powers in western civilization today. *Free Poland* is the title of a live semi-monthly, thirty-page magazine, profusely illustrated, published in Chicago, bristling with hope and patriotism. A recent issue speaks of Poland as "the land of romance," and contrasts it with Scotland in the following suggestive fashion:

> There is always the touch of romance in any thought of Poland. It is the appealing, pathetic romance. Poland, like Scotland, is a vanished land of romance. But Scotland is sturdy, vital, masculine; moreover, she has dominated to such an extent the country which annexed her that conquest is turned into conquering. Poland is gentle, sad, feminine; and Poland has been extinguished by those who made the Partition. Yet, while Scotland, forever free, will never again be independent, Poland, dependent and downcast for more than a century, has now its possible opportunity to become free.

"The Grangers' Picnic" in Pennsylvania has come to be a term of wide connotation and unusual interest. The following description of it, taken from a private letter to the Editor, will interest the UNITY constituency. Through the combination of service on the part of the Pennsylvania Arbitration and Peace Society and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the Editor of UNITY is to give a peace address here on September 1st, and there is a possibility of dates being made at other points along this route:

> The Grangers' Picnic years ago started as a one-day picnic for the rural people of the Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania, which is a thickly settled district, and which valley is the scene of historic actions of the Battle of Gettysburg. Each year it grew in size and prominence until at this time the Grangers' Picnic, so-called, covers a full week and it is today the best machinery exhibit in the United States. People come from all central Pennsylvania and from Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey to attend this unusual celebration. It has become one of the favorite spots in Pennsylvania for politicians to launch their campaigns, and both Governor Brumbaugh and President Wilson started their Pennsylvania campaigns at this point. They have a large auditorium on the grounds, and from its platform many of the most prominent lecturers of America have spoken. From this rough outline you will understand that this is not a one-day picnic arranged affair, but it is in truth a great Chautauqua Movement, at which many public questions are discussed, and which affords an opportunity for the people of that rural section to gather together for their own edification and uplift.

The Bulletin issued by the Publicity Department of the San Francisco Exposition gives some cheering figures. Up to the first of August the turnstile reported an entrance of nine million three hundred and fifty thousand persons. The income from admissions from February 20th to July 11th amounted to over a million and a half dollars. The gross income reaching considerably over three millions. It is interesting to think of thousands of Americans that are crossing the Rockies for the first time. How can they adequately realize the pathos and the poetry of the "Pathfinders" who sixty years ago were making the painful journey with oxen and mules, or, if they could afford the luxury, horses. Mark Twain's "Roughing It" is a good guide-book.

Now that a few individuals have been indicted for manslaughter on account of the Eastland disaster, there is danger that the complacent conscience of the corporate American will be comforted. These unfortunate accused are as much the victims of a greedy and thoughtless commercialism as those who have found a watery death. The greed for profits, the sharp competition for trade, not only brought this disaster, but is bargaining for like disasters on countless other ships and in many ways. The final guilty man has not yet been indicted; indeed the greatest culprit is the corporate man, the lax government, the vicious political system that makes inspectors out of politicians and colors their decisions with political anxieties and ambitions.

The Neutrality of Unity

UNITY tries to stand for liberality in religion, not because it is without convictions but because it would respect the opinions of others even as it does its own. It is non-partisan in politics not because it is indifferent to political issues, but because it realizes that the truth held by each of the parties is menaced by the dogmatism of its friends and the corruption of its supporters more than by any honest opposition or vigorous denial by its enemies.

And so in regard to the terrible antagonisms, the bitter hatreds and the wicked slaughtering now being carried on by five or more of the great world powers in Europe, we believe that all of them are victims of their own narrow patriotism, of their selfish statecraft, of a pernicious philosophy born out of national conceit and the prejudices that mask under the name of patriotism. We believe that they are all victims of the accursed fallacy, now receiving mountainous demonstration, that preparedness for war is the condition of peace, the delusion none the less lamentable because sincerely held. We believe that the roots of this war reach way back and down deep behind and below any secondary or immediate causes.

On the other hand we believe that all these Powers have creamed their constituency in order to fill their trenches and to feed the enemies' cannon. Valor, enthusiasm, unmeasured sacrifice and unparalleled devotion have been mobilized under every flag in the field, and this is not only true of the rank and file, but of those who carry the sword as well as those who handle the musket and the bayonet, even in the high councils of the nations, the much abused "War Lords" themselves. The crowns of King, Kaiser and Czar are resting upon uneasy heads today. And the owners thereof are objects of pity more than of hatred. They are most cruelly betrayed by their own convictions and by the wretched inheritance that impaled them at birth and doomed them to this grim domination.

UNITY will gladly try to reflect every ray of hope, will report every deed of kindness, will await every triumph of the "better angels" of all these peoples but we care not to denounce or to enflame the bitterness, the national hatreds and the political abuse visited largely upon unmeriting individuals. From Petrograd to Berlin, from London to Constantinople, from Paris to Vienna, from the land of the Irish to the home of the Poles, from the arrogant crowned heads to the betrayed humilated and down-trodden Jew of Galicia it is poor human nature climbing out of its brutal inheritance, in the travail of the new birth. These nations and peoples are caught in the psychic and physical agony of shedding their horns, dropping their claws, and transforming fangs into truth speaking and love growing tongues.

We cannot take sides in this wicked war because we sympathize too profoundly and love too sincerely all parties concerned.

We are taught of history as well as philosophy and experience to honor *all* the flags, of *all* the nations involved, from the wealth of their history, the priceless resources today and the unmeasured hopes they represent. But beyond any flag or all flags, our own Stars and Stripes included, we love most the White Border that should rim all of them, for

"Above All Nations is Humanity."

A Gruesome Harvest from Vicious Sowing

The fiendish culmination of the long suffering Leo Frank case is another black disgrace to Georgia, a horrible symptom of the demoralization and degeneracy of the South. So flagrant an insult to law and order, so pitiable a revelation of the weakness of government, town, county and state, such an alarming revelation of the low ideals ever potent just beneath the surface of would-be organized communities and civilized society, is no sporadic manifestation of incidental or accidental life. This was the act of no mob, swayed by momentary passion or inflamed by the sight of blood. It was a premeditated, deliberate, sagacious plotting of men acting under a vicious philosophy, and counting, we fear not without reason, on the moral backing of a great number of less demonstrative people.

The newspapers call it a manifestation of the *vendetta* spirit and method, borrowing a foreign name to represent what by implication was alien to American methods and power? But this is not just to the Italians or to Italy and is a delusive opiate to Georgian conscience. Such dastardly indignities are the poisonous fruit of slow growing trees. This is only the latest fruits of slavery, rebellion, Ku Klux and lynchings innumerable. It indicates a dangerous distrust of courts, laws, the guardians of public safety. So far as there is an anti-Jewish wickedness back of this it is but the twin child of the anti-African feeling, when ripened into brutal justification of mobs and lynchings. Both would indicate an insanity degenerated into depravity.

Shame! shame! shame oh, Georgia! Oh, people of the South! Repent! Reform! Reread your Bibles, rehear again the Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation, and try to bring the surrender of Appomatox down to date. This surrender was only the abandonment of the false and treacherous road of rebellion, defiance to constitution and laws and a recommitment and a re-consecration to liberty and justice. And liberty never goes hand in hand with license. Law is never advanced by violence. What is shot-gun morality in Georgia is dreadnaught and submarine morality in Europe, and all the long way from the one to the other is bad, foolish, wicked,—so far as the word has any rational connotation, devilish!

A Dedication Address

The following address was given by Mrs. Abbie Helms of Janesville on the occasion of the dedication of the Janesville All Souls' Dormitory for children at the Lincoln Centre Farm on Clear Lake, near Milton Junction, Wis., August 8th, 1915.

Dear friends, and especially the members of All Souls' Society: Please forgive me if I touch the personal note and ask you to go back with me many years, so many that we like to forget the number, to the time when a little freckle-faced girl first went to "All Souls' Sunday school." She went not in response to a chance emotion but because of a firm conviction that the Sunday school she had been attending with its chants and apostles' creed had altogether too much to say about God and not enough to say about folks. But she found that the society to which she had firmly annexed herself was very "folksy" indeed.

They had a lot more to say in their songs and lessons and stories, about speaking the truth, leading pure lives and the duty to one's neighbor than they did about getting to heaven.

The Scripture lessons were all about those "old heroes" who had a tussle with life and left things brighter and better for their having lived.

And the especially good times arranged for the Sunday school, the Flower Sundays, the Harvest Festivals, the Easter and Christmas exercises, all had their little lesson of good cheer and helpfulness wrought into them.

Indeed, the society of All Souls' Church during its whole history stood for the progress and advancement of the whole community. Did any lecturer come with a message of enlightenment, a little in advance of the present day thought, he sought out the pastor of All Souls, sure of encouragement and help from the society.

Here Collyer told his rugged story before he became popular.

Here Alcott came on his trip west and found sympathetic listeners to his transcendental philosophies. Many women speakers were welcomed to the platform when their presence at such places was considered very unladylike. Such innovations as having band music at church service and inviting the G. A. R. for Memorial Day meeting was first instituted by this society and was considered almost demoralizing in its tendencies.

But it was in relation to the children that All Souls had its tenderest interest. It was the first organization in Janesville to institute a public kindergarten, the equipment for which was donated by a member of the society for that purpose. Money was always forthcoming for the Christmas treat, the picnic fund or books for the library when needed for the children.

So it is quite fitting that the present undertaking, the little memorial from the past "All Souls" to the future children of all those souls who need it, should take this form of a means toward a clean, wholesome life for the children.

Those who helped us in times past by their guidance and counsel, help us today by their unseen presence.

This enterprise, small as it is, would have had their unqualified support if they had been here to help it along.

I say advisedly they, because as we call the roster of old All Souls only a small number answer the roll call. The great majority of the All Souls' society are over yonder and can help us only by the sweet and tender memories they have left behind. We call the names over softly one by one and recall the faces they bring to our mind's eye and realize as we can all they did for human betterment or all they tried to do. It may be, that it is especially fitting that the freckled-faced child, should try in her poor way to express her thanks for all the help that "All Souls" had given in times past to the children in the hope that the present opportunity may help the children of the future. There are few left of the old All Souls' society except the children or the grandchildren of its members.

They are scattered here and there about the country, better and richer, we are sure, for the teachings they heard at the little church around the corner. And it is for me as one of them to voice their greeting from the children of the past to the children of the future. May this building, dedicated as a temple of clean, wholesome child life, be a constant reminder of those who believed in clean living as an aid to right thinking, and may the children thus helped form a new school of humanity whose limits are not bounded by any church or creed but is literally and truly "All Souls."

And the father of this project, who helped to formulate so many of the principles of the old All Souls' children, can take the new flock under his fatherly care and guidance and in their appreciation and love find that interest in childhood which keeps him so periennially young.

May these buildings and All Souls' cottage be only the nucleus of a project so extensive that it can in the time to come take in every child who needs its wholesome influence. And may the great heart of human kindness be so touched as to appreciate this great need and assist in the work. And so, trustees of Clear Lake Farm, we give into your guardianship this little memorial of the All Souls" Society of Janesville. May it help many, very many, of the little folks to get near to nature's heart and so nearer the great tender heart of humanity.

Mr. Jones accepted the gift in behalf of the directors of the Clear Lake Farm, saying that the cottage should be a shelter for all the children who needed it, without reference to creed or religion. That a little flock of the children had gone that morning under proper chaperones to worship at the Catholic church at Milton, and others would have gone to a Jewish synagogue if there had been one available. The cottage, which bears the name of "All Souls, Janesville," above its door, is an airy, roomy building of about 20x50 feet in dimensions, with screened sides and shutters that open up to the ceiling down its entire length. It is beautifully airy and cool and is an ideal sleeping room with its rows of iron cots with their neat gray blankets and comfortable pillows.

It is flanked by another dormitory of equal size, given by other donations of friends. Rev. Jones stated that with the equipment they then had they could take care of 100 children at a time if they had more sleeping accommodations, and that the present need was three more dormitories for next year, there are two now, as the children were so comfortable and easily taken care of by this means.

YET AM I NOT FOR PITY?

For me there are no cities, no proud halls,
No storied paintings—nor the chiselled snow
Of statues; never have I seen the glow
Of sunset die upon the deathless walls
Of the pure Parthenon; no soft light falls
For me in dim cathedrals, where the low,
Still seas of supplication ebb and flow;
No dream of Rome my longing soul enthralls.
But oh, to gaze in a long tranced delight
On Venice rising from the purple sea!
Oh, but to feel one golden evening pale
On that famed island from whose lonely height
Dark Sappho sank in burning ecstasy!
But once—but once—to hear the nightingale!

Yet am I not for pity? This blue sea
Burns with the opal's deep and splendid fires
At sunset; these tall firs are classic spires
Of chaste design and marvelous symmetry
That lift to burnished skies. Let pity be
For him who never felt the mighty lyres
Of Nature shake him thro' with great desires.
These pearl-topped mountains shining silently—
They are God's sphinxes and God's pyramids;
These dim-aisled forests His cathedrals, where
The pale nun Silence tiptoes, velvet-shod,
And Prayer kneels with tireless, parted lids;
And thro' the incense of this holy air
Trembling—I have come face to face with God.

—*Ella Higginson.*

When the Birds Go North Again.

"Just remember that when God wishes to make an oak he takes one hundred years, and when he wishes to make a squash he takes six weeks."

The Big Annual Sunday at Lincoln Centre Farm

Noah's record for a rainy season has been beaten to a finish by the summer of 1915. The traditional forty days of continuous dampness have been, in the Mississippi Valley at least, doubled and more; and picnics, flag-raisings and other out-of-door occasions have been very "chancy" affairs, with waterproofs and gums necessarily handy. Twenty-four hours of steady sunshine have been almost unheard of for the last three months.

But Sunday, August 8, the great day of the year at the Lincoln Centre Camp at Clear Lake, Wisconsin, was simply a perfect summer day—and all day. Some of our party took the four hours' trip up there in the morning from Chicago and the same trip home in the evening, and felt well paid for doing so.

Clear Lake, a gem of beauty in its setting of woods and hills, its stretch of clean beach and its tranquil bosom, jeweled with the exquisite pearl and gold of myriads of pond lilies, is a joy in itself on a beautiful sunshiny day. Clear Lake, plus the Lincoln Centre Farm and its far reaching activities, is something that needs a word of deeper, richer meaning than joy to fairly express it. It is something much bigger than a temporary camping place for a few score city-bound children. To be sure, the forty dear little girls who are enjoying their turn at the camp were the center of attraction in their tidy Sunday clothes, with their evident joy and pride in the place and their responsibility to some extent as little hostesses. But equally impressive was the crowd of good folks, certainly over five hundred of them, who came in from all directions and almost all distances, and on all kinds of vehicles, from bicycles and horses to railroad trains; who walked all round the place under the beautiful old trees, inspecting the comfortable farm house with its new model barn, housing several fine guernsey cows; the new windmill, the big vegetable garden and the swelling fields of alfalfa and grain; admiring the big dining-room, its piano at one end and chimney corner at the other, and its cheerful guest-rooms above looking into the spotless dormitories with nothing between their occupants and God's out-of-doors except screening, though equipped with easily manipulated shutters in case of storm. And somehow all these guests appeared to take a personal interest in everything, suggestive of a wide community of helpfulness toward "our camp." Indeed, one felt that the whole country side must have had a hand in the wonderfully wise and artistic development of this scheme, when remarks like this were dropped. "There is old Uncle Rose, the man that planted most of these beautiful trees and after whom we have named our dining-hall 'Rose Inn'!" "Over there is a bunch of Janesville folks who have put up one of those pretty dormitories in memory of the days, over thirty-five years ago, when Mr. Jones was their pastor." "That lady and her brother have furnished and put in place rods and rods of the finest kind of fencing and gates." "Another, the son of one of Mr. Jones' Janesville most substantial supporters, sent cot beds enough to furnish all the sleeping quarters." "These friends have been riding over from a near town almost daily since the camp opened, bringing bacon and hams, maple sugar and vegetables." "This friend has sent several checks that have come in mighty handy," and "That big chap over there with the goggles has just poured out valuable time and expert knowledge in the wise expenditure of his own and other people's money in perfecting this place." "There is the woman who made the first suggestion," and "There is the woman with her husband who made the first subscription to secure the land." "Almost every minister and priest in the neighborhood is here today joining heartily in good wishes for the success of the Lincoln Centre Camp."

Catching these things one's thoughts were naturally carried to the group of men and women who are quietly caring for these children and running things behind the scenes, and to that other group who were not there, but who in the hustle and din of the big city below, with unfailing faithfulness have administered the affairs of the camp from its inception. And so the secret of the success of the Lincoln Centre Camp is no longer a secret but a simple effect of wholesome and vital causes.

After dinner—mostly produced from bulky baskets and spread on choice spots along the lake shore—came the great event of the day. All available seats were brought out under the shade of the trees and the rest of the audience found resting places upon the ground. The children gathered in the porch of Rose Inn and by their hearty singing added much to the service. In this they were supplemented by the kindly services of Professor Stringer of Milton College.

In opening the meeting Mr. Jones said in part:

"I am here to welcome you to this beautiful day after days of rain and cloud. I am here to welcome you to this beautiful place so far away from the business struggle, the turmoil and terror of the world. I am here to welcome you in the name of this community, flanked as I am with great pride and comfort by these brother ministers, who are here all the year round, working in the interest of the higher life. I am here to welcome you on behalf of my new parish with whom I have worked forty years or more in Chicago. It is very gratifying to have these newer workers shake hands with my older friends and parishioners of years ago. But most of all, I am here to welcome you in the name of these children who have come into the sunlight, who have come into the open air and the fresh water, out of the smoke and grime of the big city."

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Jordan, pastor of the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Church, and then followed an address on Patriotism by the Hon. C. B. Rogers of Fort Atkinson. The speaker made very clear the distinction between the old idea of patriotism which demanded that we should hate everybody who did not belong to our nation, and the new conception of patriotism which makes the love of humanity first and the love of country second, recognizing that all creation are the children of one Father. He also emphasized the wickedness and futility of war, declaring that war can no more settle questions of right and wrong than could dueling in the old days.

Mr. Jones here spoke a word of appreciation of the many benefactions and services which have made possible the Camp as it stands today in its completeness and efficiency. He said: "The land has been secured, the buildings built and furnished, everything has been done through the personal contributions of those who

believed in this scheme. This stream of good will that has flowed so freely and graciously, found no addition that pleased me more, or went farther back in my life, than the contribution that came from the remnants of the old parish of All Souls Church of Janesville, over which I presided some ten odd years. Yonder pretty dormitory is the gift of that society and the Helms family is going to tell us about it."

So, first Mr. Walter Helms, and then his wife Abbie, spoke a word for the old church, recalling long past days when the parish knew Mr. Jones as its pastor, and Mrs. Helms brought a special greeting to the children of the future from the children of the past in these words, which this reporter would be glad to summarize were it not for the hope that Mrs. Helms' address will be printed in another column, if need be in another issue, of UNITY:

May this building, dedicated as a temple of clean, wholesome child life, be a constant reminder of those who believed in clean living as an aid to clean thinking. May these buildings and All Souls Cottage be the nucleus of a project so extensive that it may take in all the children who need its wholesome influence. To the trustees of the Clear Lake Farm I will say, we give into your guardianship this little memorial of the All Souls Church of Janesville. May it help many children to get near to nature's heart and so, near to the great tender heart of humanity.

Voicing the thanks of the Trustees, Mr. Jones pledged his word that the donation would be maintained in the spirit of the name it bears, and added, "This little dormitory contains twenty snug cots. We pledge those to cleanliness, to graciousness, to hospitality. No creed word, I believe, and I hope that no race word will ever be established at the door of that little cottage which through these spoken words is from henceforth dedicated to the service of city-sick children, city-thwarted children, who for two weeks in the year, at least, may know what pure air and clean water and out-of-door freedom mean."

"Above All Nations is Humanity."

Taking as a text this great saying of Professor Goldwin Smith, Mr. Jones delivered a strong plea for peace. Its quotable sentences, crisp and vital, might very profitably be repeated at length, but the readers of UNITY have opportunities of knowing right well where its editor stands on this never-to-be over-emphasized subject, so we will pass along to the remainder of the program.

In closing these services the children sang "Angel of Peace." The throng has now accumulated into an audience that spread far out beyond the shade and meager seating. Seventy automobiles and forty "rigs" were counted. The speaker, to the disappointment of the many people who were willing to stand, shortened his address so as to give the children a chance to do their part, offering a climax to Mr. Jones's address.

We were all invited to adjourn to the exquisite little headland extending into the water, where a beautiful flag, made more beautiful by its pure white border, was given to the breeze of this perfect Sunday afternoon. The little girls repeated in chorus Miss Jane Addams' splendid Civic Creed, as follows:

God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are His children, brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of these United States and we believe that our flag stands for self-sacrifice, for the good of all the people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country and to show our love for her by our works. Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare. She asks us to live for her and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest and every corner of her territory shall be a place fit to grow the best men and women who shall rule over her.

The flag was then raised by Mr. Jones and floated gracefully out as it went up, after which the children stepped forward and with hands raised saluted the flag thus:

We pledge allegiance to our flag and to the Republic for which it stands; one indivisible; with liberty and justice for all.

And then sang the lines written by Mr. Jones when the white-bordered banner was first raised over the Abraham Lincoln Centre, ten years ago last Easter:

O the white bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the land and the seas, God's children to save.

Three patriotic quotations were given by children from the group and the youngsters closed their part of the program by singing a number of Camp songs with such vim that everybody caught the spirit of the old college tunes and tried to catch the words—and here they are when caught:

On Clear Lake Camp
The air is damp;
The camp-fire bright,
We light at night.
We love to play
Both night and day
And we never will forget
Dear Clear Lake Camp.

Clear Lake, Clear Lake—Clear Lake Camp,
Where we love to go
Boating, swimming, hayrack riding,
In the evening glow.
Hills and vales and wooded knolls—
Everything to charm;
We all have such stacks of fun
At Clear Lake Farm.

We'll honor yet the camp we know
The best camp of all,
The swimming and the boating and
The dinner call—
For working days and holidays,
For gay and melancholy days,
For great days and jolly days,
In the best camp of all.

Then we'll all sing:
Milton Junction,
Milton Junction,
Milton Junction,
Then we'll all sing
Milton Junction,
And the joys of dear Clear Lake Camp.

Then we'll all sing:
Go Chicago,
Go Chicago,
Go Chicago,
Then we'll all sing
Go Chicago—Lincoln Centre and Mr. Jones.

The Honorable Mr. L. B. Caswell of Fort Atkinson, for many years a member of Congress for that district, was introduced and said in part:

"Friends, I consider I have some rights here. Seventy-seven years ago, when I was a lad of ten, my people came into this country when there were only two settlers, one at Johnstown and another down on the bank of the river at a place called Janesville. My people came in west of here and made a claim reaching down to the bank of this lake. So I have some rights here, haven't I? And I am happy to dedicate them to so good a cause as these little children. There is no better cause. . . . .

"I am only too glad to look into your faces—all of your faces, old and young, and to think what a

happy people you are because of the circumstances that you live in America instead of across the water amongst those poor people who are doing all they can to destroy each other. The whole idea of war and of militancy has no place in this country which is organized and carried on on the theory of peace and good will to all men."

Mr. W. D. James of Fort Atkinson, one of the Trustees of the Abraham Lincoln Centre Farm, who has been in charge of placing and erecting most of the buildings at Clear Lake, responded to a call by inviting all present to inspect the whole outfit and to try to realize what has been accomplished in the past two short years, and he appealed to the resident friends to rally to the support of Mr. Jones and his city friends, saying here is a chance for high co-operation.

"Uncle Rose," who planted many of the beautiful trees now shading the banks of the lake, and who reluctantly relinquished his title to the land for this purpose, was discovered in the crowd of listeners and drawn into the center of the circle and asked, "Uncle Rose, can't you give us a word?"

Promptly came the answer, "Yes, sir, I can and I will. I am pleased to be here with you today. This is the most sacred ground that lays under the sunshine. A man I knew built a house near a certain chuch because he said the ground was "sanctious." So is this ground.

"About seventy-five years ago the Indians stepped along on the bank of this lake. Furthermore, the water of this lake has always been kept pure, the ground along its edge has been kept clean and pure—so as to be ready for these children.

In the early days we used to come up with the children and spend a day right here on this ground before there was anything here; but the trees have growed and growed since then. When I owned it I had a chance to sell all this shore, but something told me to keep it, and I kept it—for Mr. Jones. Today you see what it is. Four years ago they had just a few little children here. If they keep on the next four years, what will it be? There will be a thousand children here, I hope. I am glad Mr. Jones is using it as he is. Perhaps I shall not be here but a few years more to watch it, but the Lord bless the children. The Lord said, 'Let the little children come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' There is nothing like little children. They are pure and holy from the time they are born until they learn to do wrong. The Lord bless the children!"

In closing the exercises of the day Mr. Jones suggested that with the ample dining-room space already provided, and with three more dormitories that are needed, one hundred children could be accommodated at a time instead of the limit of forty now brought under the spell of Clear Lake, a big step toward the outcome hoped for by the man who planted the trees for the children so many years ago.

"America" had been sung by the whole company and the benediction words spoken, and many had started toward home, when the voice of an old man was heard, "Say, there are a lot of G. A. R. boys here; why can't we salute the flag, too?" And so the call went out and brought to the flag-pole six or eight old men who stood with bared, grizzled heads and saluted the flag for which they had fought fifty years ago. Catching the "Hip! hip!" of ex-artilleryman Jones, three lusty cheers were given, which perhaps brought the most devout emotions of anything said or done that day. These veterans wanted to be counted in in saluting the flag, which was all the more precious because rimmed by white, the symbol of universal peace. A. L. K.

Tower Hill, Wis., August 13, 1915.

The Jane Addams Meeting

Over fifty civic bodies joined hands in Chicago on July 22 to arrange for a community peace meeting at the Auditorium in honor of Miss Jane Addams upon her return from a peace mission to the ministers of foreign affairs of the warring countries of Europe, such as has never before been undertaken by a woman. The great Auditorium was completely filled, and for over an hour an eager body of citizens, many of whom were born in the countries now at war, listened to Miss Addams' report of her pilgrimage. The splendid choir of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club had placed itself at the disposal of the organizing committee, and furnished a program of music that provided an appropriate setting for the meeting. A little after eight o'clock Miss Addams,, escorted by Charles L. Hutchinson, chairman of the meeting, Mrs. H. M. Wilmarth, president of the Chicago branch of the Woman's Peace Party, Alderman Carl T. Murray, specially appointed by the City Council, Henry C. Morris, president of the Chicago Peace Society, and Mrs. S. Arthur Walther, chairman of the executive committee in charge of the demonstration, reached the stage, and after the applause had subsided, the choir burst out into the strains of the Hallelujah Chorus. An effective rendition of the "Five Souls," published in an earlier issue of UNITY, by Gustave Holmquist, followed, and then the speaking program began. Mr. Hutchinson in his introduction expressed the esteem which all Chicago feels for Miss Addams, and presented her to the audience as "one of Chicago's foremost citizens—if not the foremost."

In her modest, unassuming manner Miss Addams reported on the conditions now obtaining in the warring countries, and vividly pictured the longing in these countries, especially among the younger men, for the coming of peace. Briefly summarized, her findings and conclusions may be grouped under the following heads:

1. *That the women from the Hague* actually got through to the men in the state departments of the Great Powers, not merely to drop a tract and be bowed out, but to sit down and talk the issues through. They were not accused anywhere of being "peace-at-any-price" people. Nor was peace their slogan—but some method of approach to a settlement other than the military method which is costing so heavily and is getting nowhere.

2. *That these statesmen* were for the most part representative of what might be called the civil group in each country; a group which is standing out for victory no less strongly than the military group, but which nonetheless is apprehensive that under the shadow of the war long-fought-for civil rights are being invaded; that the longer the war goes on, the less the civil parties will have to say as to its terms of settlement; and that if the military parties of the

different nations settle the terms of peace it will mean to clamp militarism upon Europe for a generation.

3. *That with the military forces* dead-locked along the concrete trenches, the civil leaders would welcome an opportunity to end the war and stay the carnage, but they are themselves bound hand and foot by the feeling that if they even talk terms of peace their position in their own country and before the world will be weakened; that they would welcome, therefore, action by the neutrals which would open a way for negotiation with honor, and that the United States with its mixed peoples is pre-eminently the country looked to to take the initiative in this emergency.

4. *That while offers of mediation* by the United States to the belligerents would be rejected, and while no belligerent could ask for mediation, a continuous convention of neutrals would create a channel through which some opportunity might lead to peace; that such a conference should not be made up purely of governmental representatives—who would think and act along rigid nationalistic lines—but should, if possible, be drawn by some more democratic process from commercial, labor and scientific fields which have genuine international experience.

All in all, it was one of the most inspiring peace meetings ever held in Chicago, and one that will long be remembered by those who took part in it.

L. P. L.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY?

What shall we say
When twenty million men,
Who yesterday
Ploughed, builded, trafficked, traveled lands and seas,
Laughed, chatted, loved their fellows, took their ease,
Cherished their homes and fondled wife and child,
And at the shadows of war-clouds smiled,
Boding no ill, today
Tramp the earth's face in murderous array,
Crush her broad, fruitful breast in bloody mire,
With bomb and mine and mortar blast
The priceless treasures of the age-long past,
And with insensate ire
Slay one another, slay and slay and slay,—
If they and theirs, not knowing why they die,
Should ask us why,
What shall we say?

* * * * * *

Kaiser and king and president and tsar,
Answer before high heaven for this war!
What shall we say
When the great war-lords do not shrink
To swear the awful crime upon some fellow-king;
When diplomatic spiders blink
And twist their sapient heads
And spin the web of chance into a ring
Of steel necessity, whose vicious threads
Constrain each government to violate
The peace and safety of its neighbor state,
Or roll the burden of the blame
Upon a class, or clique, or system, yea,
Upon Almighty God?
Kaiser and king and president and tsar,
Who always send, but never go, to war,
Be not deceived, God is not mocked
Nor His eternal purpose balked
By eikons, like grim mascots borne,
Or patriot oaths upon the symbols sworn,—
From the red sod
Cries out your brothers' blood; the curse of Cain
Falls millionfold on him who could restrain
The avalanche of death, yet bade his hand refrain.

* * * * * *

What will you say,
When little children, who had no defense
Against your war-lords and youur diplomats,—
Millions of little children, they
Whose fathers you have called away
Not to return, not to return,
But in the shambles to be hurried hence,
Victims of your insatiate truculence,—
When these, grown older, learn
Who made them orphans, and shall follow you
With questioning eyes at guard-mount or review,
And dumb set lips, with portent worse
Than any spoken curse;
Or when night's small hours, the eyes forever quenched
By your decree
Open again to haunt you, asking why
They from their hearths were wrenched
Your substitutes to be,
For you, not for themselves and theirs to die.
What will you say?

* * * * * *

What shall we say,
For whom the Tree of Life
Was planted and put forth its bloom;—
We, the great moiety of mankind,
Who, 'mid the murk and din of doom
In this incredible fray,
Seek light and groping find
Nought but the tomb?
We, who in miry trenches make our bed,
Drenched in the blood by comrades shed,
When in night watches we essay
To think who sowed the seed of strife?
We did not rattle sabers;
We had no quarrel with our neighbors;
There was room
In Europe for us all to sow and reap,
To eat and sing a little and sleep;—
Then on a sudden, in a day
Peace and good will were changed to hate;
Hell had its awful way;
Heaven held its breath in horror while
We rushed to clasp our fate,
Let drum and fife our tiger-selves beguile,
Followed the world-old call, slaying and to be slain.
But weeks in bloody mire have made it plain;
Now by the Grace of God we see,
We who made war for others, we
This much will say:
Kaiser and king and president and tsar,
Yours to give answer at God's judgment-bar.

* * * * * *

This we will say:
We have found tongue at last;
Blindfolded, dumb and dazed no more,
No more as in a cloud we walk,—
The fog is lifted and at last is seen
Behind the web the weaver,
Back of the intricate machine
The hand that moved the lever;
This much at last is clear:
It matters not a straw
Who built the engine or designed its plan;—
The engineer,
And not his engine, answers to the law;
Without a doer there is no deed,
Nothing without a voice or pen decreed.
Kaiser, or king, or president, or tsar,
Thou hast to answer for this monstrous war;
The mouth that spoke our doom was thine
And the fatal fingers that did sign,
Wherefore with one accord we all curse thee,—
Not fate, nor systems, nor other men, but thee.

* * * * * *

Be this thing further said:
Your game is played;
You and your works are weighed;
We have tracked the dragons to his den
Who battens on the bones of men,—
Your day of dominance is done.
We see not all the onward path;
Strands of the ancient snare
Still lie about our feet;
But with wide eyes and in our solemn wrath
Before the face of God we swear:
As life is good and sweet,

Under the sun
This horror shall not come again;
Never, never again
Shall twenty million men,
Nor twenty, no, nor ten
Leave all God gave them in the hands of one,—
Leave the decision over peace and war
To king or kaiser, president of tsar.

—*William Herbert Carruth.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Another View

In the interest of fairness to a valued contributor we print the following, though the Editor differs in toto with the theory that more fighting will ever bring the international rights which our associate calls for and which we desire so feverently. To our mind past dealing in contraband of war, or, living up to the present letter of international law, does not justify the lamentable commercializing on the part of private individuals and companies in the United States of munitions of war prohibited by our government. This trading is all the more lamentable because it is confessedly in the interest of "business" and not in the interest of any party or issue involved. The German philosophers and thinkers so severely criticised whose opinions we recently printed, expressed forcibly the yearning for universal brotherhood and international comity of faith and practice,, which UNITY stands for. The tragic thing of it all is that war blinds seers and prophets so that they can see only one side of the shield, their side of which is white and the other black.

EDITOR.

Editor UNITY:

The letters printed by Dr. Wendte in your issue of July 29th are very sad reading. They present one of the most mournful and appalling exhibitions of the German spirit that I have seen, and I have seen many. Eminent religious leaders, professors and preachers (one a woman), and not a word of shame for the ruin of Belgium! Not a word of regret for the Lusitania massacre? Not a word of protest against the bitter hate raging in the hearts of Germany! In view of such awful facts, how dark the world-horizon; how black the future of the German people!

These letters are full of bitterness against Americans because we permit the exportation of munitions of war to their enemies; a policy preached and practiced by themselves for years. Not simply German guns but *German men* were sold to our enemies to fight against us in the days of the Revolution. Our rights in the matter even admitted by the present German government. If it prolongs the struggle, it simply prolongs a war which Germany began and for which she was preparing for forty years. Whoever loves justice and humanity may well wish that we had more guns to send to help drive ruthless conquerors out of Belgium. We lost the moral leadership of the world when we failed to enter our solemn protest, as a Nation, against this outrage.

The amazing and ominous fact made clear by the letters is this: Germany seems beside herself with moral blindness, destitute of any corrective public sentiment. When we subdued the Philippines, millions of Americans protested. When Great Britain wronged the Boers, millions of Englishmen condemned the injustice. These wrongs were insignificant beside those committed by Germany, but no voice of protest is raised by even the eminent representatives of law, science and, religion. The infinite pity of it!

As much as I hate war, I do not want this war to stop until guarantees can be established that solemn treaties shall be regarded as something more than "scraps of paper"; not until the high seas can be forever freed from the menace of lawless piracy; not until full restitution can be made to outraged Belgium; not until international diplomacy can be emancipated from falsehood and injustice.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Boston, Mass.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXVI.
I. and II. Timothy and Titus

To the pure all things are pure.

Titus i:15.

This group of letters has been the source of a great deal of trouble to the critics. The earliest documents of the New Testament credited to Paul are five, Galatians, I and II Thessalonians, I and II Corinthians and the Epistle to the Romans. This great Pauline library came into being some thirty or more years after the death on Calvary. Perhaps ten years later appeared Philemon, Colossians and Ephesians, and Philippians, representing a later and not so virile a period in Paul's life. These are known as the Epistles of the Captivity. In the beginning of the second century, perhaps 120 A. D., we find these three pastoral or personal letters from Paul to Timothy and Titus. But we are unable to see how they could have come into the life of Paul as we have it in the more authentic sources.

Philippians, one of the sweetest and dearest of Paul's letters, fitting into the story of Acts, carries him into Rome, from where he is supposed to have written the letter to Philemon and the Colossian-Ephesian letters, so rich in personal autobiographical material, and where for two years he was a sort of prisoner at large until perhaps the time of the Neronic persecutions following the great fire. Then Paul disappears and with him, Luke, the supposed author of the "we" passages, the Book of Acts. The natural presumption is that poor Paul had accomplished his life's task and either he went down and out from exhaustion and weariness, or fell with the first crop of Christian martyrs in Rome.

In the orthodox acceptance Paul wrote to his friends at Philippi, "Be of good cheer. I hope I will come to trial soon and when released I am coming back to you." He even asked to have a room prepared for him there in Ephesus. Paul hoped to start out again and had large dreams of another campaign. These hopes fulfilled, he made another missionary circuit and after a period of years was again

arrested and again imprisoned at Rome, at which time he wrote these letters to Timothy and Titus.

This is a far-fetched theory. I prefer rather to accept that of modern scholars: 1. The first postullate is that a man of Paul's fertility and restlessness, of course, did not stop with just these fragments. Paul must have been an incessant writer, must have written many letters about things personal and things spiritual. There is every reason to believe that there was a fertile Pauline correspondence. 2. The second postulate. There came a time in the history of the new movement when the first ardor and enthusiasm had cooled. Paul had disappeared, the Christ had not come on the clouds and the new movement now scattered all over the map from Rome to Jerusalem was left without a dominant personality and, aside from the Hebrew writings, without the help of a scripture. 3. The movement was still moving on. It had organizations, church centers and "overseers," from which word we get Bishop, Episcopus, Episcopal. It had deacons, those who ministered or served, and a great many practical problems pressing on the young movement. These functionaries, missionaries, who had caught the spirit and were trying to carry the message of Paul, had to perfect the organization. So for missionary purposes any tradition of counsel and advice was copied, and by a process perfectly natural, in the course of thirty or forty years, these floating, unimportant fragments of literature, in some cases original manuscripts, had been copied many times. And this little group of letters compiled by those who still wanted to conjure by the name and words of Paul, became the early tracts, compilations of Paul's own words and letters embodying the traditions of Timothy and Titus. The letters are Pauline but not Paul. Probably many such were current at that time, but these still survive, and along toward the second or third centuries, when the priests met in convention to decide what was canonical and what was not, and the New Testament began to take dogmatic form, these letters became a part of the canon.

You ask why the genuineness of these books was ever disputed. In the first place the label was put on a long time after the letters were written. Then there is the linguistic argument, an entire vocabulary, not found elsewhere in Paul's writings. Bacon reports seventy-four words found only in I Timothy, forty-six more found nowhere else but in II Timothy and twenty-eight more found nowhere else but in Titus. A study of the Greek shows why these words could not easily be assigned to Paul. It is as if a letter were found purporting to be from George Washington containing a warning against single-tax or socialism. These letters warned Timothy and Titus against certain heresies and phases of thought of which in his other writings Paul seems to have known nothing. There was a "gnosticism" prevalent at that time, a sort of second century theosophy which traced the origin of the message and talked about angels and incarnations, etc. This theosophic interpretation of life came from Alexandria through Ephesus and may be detected between the lines of these letters. The writer had dangers in sight not sighted by Paul when he wrote his vigorous letters, and they are written in much looser style than were Paul's real letters.

There are certain very personal and natural sentences, such as when Paul asked Timothy to bring his cloak and parchments, that we cannot think of as fiction. Do not let us foster the suspicion that someone prepared a deliberate deception of the matter as crass critics would say a "barefaced lie." Rather let us believe that these letters formed the natural tool of the new movement, a tract with which to reinforce it, in the days when new organizations were being formed, little churches started and questions of administration coming as thick as they did to the presiding elders in the early days of Methodism. When Methodism first came to this country it was still in the line of apostolic succession, and its failure formed an exigency that Wesley was willing to meet by making a bishop out of whole cloth by his own hand.

There were many very interesting and revealing passages in these letters. Let us glance at a few from the Twentieth Century Version. After the usual introduction the writer says:

> I beg you, as I did when I was on my way into Macedonia, to remain at Ephesus; that you may instruct certain people there not to teach new and strange doctrines, nor to devote their attention to legends and interminable genalogies, which tend to give rise to argument rather than to further that divine plan which is revealed in the Faith.

The mention of these "strange doctrines" puts it clearly into the next century, as if he said, "Beware of single taxers and socialists."

In the second chapter we find comfort for Episcopalians, an anticipation of formal worship which also belongs in the second and not the first century.

> First of all, then, I urge that petitions, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings should be offered for everyone, especially for kings and all who are in high positions, in order that we may lead a quiet and peaceful life in a deeply religious and reverent spirit.
>
> My desire, then, is that it should be the custom everywhere for the men to lead the prayers with hands reverently uplifted, avoiding heated controversy. I also desire that women should adorn themselves with appropriate dress, worn quietly and modestly, and not with wreaths of gold ornaments for the hair, or pearls or costly clothing, but—as is proper for women who profess to be religious—with good actions.

We cannot get along much further until women somehow harmonize their dress with the canons of art and color, utility and economy. Paul felt then, as we do now, that women were not meeting the demands of art, economy, health or morality. The next utterance we do not want to defend, that "woman should listen silently to her teachers," based on the old argument that "Adam was formed first, not Eve."

In the fifth chapter there is much good advice, revealing again problems of the second century. As to the treatment of women, we realize that then was the beginning of monasticism, of nunneries. The church was beginning to assume the complexities of organization.

The injunction "Do not continue to drink water only" in the old days bothered the W. C. T. U. sisters, and there seems to be an argument for slavery in the words, "All who are in the position of slaves should regard their masters as deserving of the greatest respect." But we know that slavery was then an institution unchallenged by the early church, or by this writer.

Critics find a little more ginger and coherency in the second letter, and we can readily believe it to be a fragment of an early letter written by Paul in Rome, in the words:

> You know, of course, that all our friends in Roman Asia turned their backs on me, and among them Phygellus

and Hermogenes. May the Lord show mercy to the household of Onesiphorus, for he often cheered me and was not ashamed of my chains.

The letter to Titus is conceived in much the same way, containing many Pauline traditions and some very good advice.

Through these letters as through a window we see the growth of what was at first an intoxicating, kindling enthusiasm, now becoming a systematized, organized institution. The only way to save the infallible label is to affirm that Paul had another career. How much more precious are they as a compilation, editorial revisions, call it what you will, of such Pauline material as was lying around loose in the minds and hearts of those who loved Paul after he had gone, restoring our faith in the Christianity that sprung out of just such conditions.

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(1) Give the grounds, if any, of ascribing the authorship of these letters to Paul.

(2) What, in the light of modern scholarship, is their natural evolution?

(3) Mention some of the problems of the church indicated in these epistles not recognized in the authentic writings of Paul.

(4) In the exhortations to women do you find anything fundamental bearing on the feminist question?

SOUL IN THINE AUTUMN DAYS

Soul, in thine Autumn days have utmost cheer!
Spring hath no flower of flowers that can contest
The splendor of the hues upon his breast—
Who beareth up the incense of the year.
Spring hath no fire like that within the sphere
Of Autumn suns, impassioned of the West,
Long lingering there—that will not sink to rest
Till all hearts feel unrest divine and dear!

An urn of sweetness, costly past esteem,
Bear upon the incense of thy year, O Soul;
And in the frost-bit days, when no flowers gleam,
Let thy mere leaves of life be flower-bright.
And, as thou nearest to thy western goal,
Intenser glow the spirit's orbed light!

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

AT SUNRISE

How often she has slipped out, silently,
To watch the sunrise from the little mound
She called a hill! How often you have found
Her warm nest empty—no soft, waking sigh
To stir the ruffles of the robe flung by
For brighter garb to meet the day, new-crowned!
So dawn has summoned her, and without sound
She fled, all gladness, as the white doves fly.

This time no footprints on the dewey lawn
To mark her going. Light hath lent her wings,
And this white shape of her that lies so still
Is but night's garment. How the glad day flings
Its arms, and glad birds twitter, "She has gone
To watch new glories from a higher hill."

"Youth's Companion." —*Margaret Lee Ashley.*

Anti-War But Do Something Policy

The sinking of another liner with Americans on board—even assuming that it had been warned and was trying to escape—would render a "do nothing policy" impossible of maintenace. The factor which would make public opinion unmanageable would be the apparent acceptance by America of a change in the laws or customs of war which sanctions things like the destruction of the Lusitania. If the only alternative to accepting the fact of this change is going to war, the demand to go to war will be a growing one. The only thing which could prevent the drift of public opinion in that direction would be an alternative policy, the demonstration that the government was in truth "doing something," that it was at work on a definite and constructive plan for the protection of neutral and American rights, a plan which the public could discuss and which would satisfy the "psychological need for action" at such a junction and allay the irritation which comes of apparent inactivity.

The first need is a vivid realization on the part of the general public that a failure to go to war with Germany is not due to an indifference to American interests or a shrinking from the cost which war would imply involved in their defense but is due to the fact that war with Germany would not protect those interests. If friends of the Administration could give wide publicity to this fact by such simple resolutions as the following:

Recent events have shown that the lives of American and other neutral citizens and American and other neutral commerce on the high seas cannot be made secure by America's taking part in a war in which both sides are in some measure straining or violating the law, and support an interpretation of law which would leave those rights without due protection in the future.

We respectfully submit that the protection of American rights necessitates:

(1) The development and reform of existing international law, which involves:

(2) An international legislative body for the framing of such law;

(3) An international court for its just interpretation; and

(4) An international arrangement for the due execution of the court's decision by such combination of economic or military measures as may be most effective.

And we further respectfully urge as an action which can now be taken by the American government and as a step towards the achievement of these four results that the other republics of this hemisphere be invited to confer with our own as to the law which they would be prepared to support in order to ensure such concerted action as would be likely to secure due consideration for neutral rights and interests at the settlement following the present war.

As America cannot possibly stand for the sea law as now interpreted by the allies she would stultify her own action if she did so—she should state clearly and definitely what it is she does stand for; what reforms she desires to see carried into effect, etc. It would then be found that her general contentions as to the law of the sea were perhaps more in accord with the German than the British idea. The effect of this even on German opinion would be to demonstrate to Germans the absurdity of quarrelling with a great neutral who on the whole was more disposed to take their general view of sea law than the general view of the British. If, nevertheless, there was no concession to the American view it would be open to the government to (1) Sever diplomatic negotiations (2) Put the coast defences in the strongest possible order (and the experiences of the English navy on the Belgium

coast prove that even an indifferently defended coast is impregnable to even a strong navy) (3) Facilitate and encourage the export of ammunition to the allies. If there were still further attacks upon American lives and ships the American government could then seize German property in the United States—ships, royalties on patents, etc.—to be held as security for the payment of damages after they had been duly assessed by a properly constituted court in which other netural states—or even the combatant states including Germany—should be represented. Commercial intercourse would of course by this have been severed with Germany and America could make it plain that this condition of non-intercourse would continue for a series of years and that it might extend with the consent of other civilized states of the world to German exclusion from the privilege of the Panama canal—in all these measures of course the co-operation and assent of the rest of the non-German world being invited.

The above is just a hint of a policy which might be announced. The whole point is that whether entirely practicable or not—whether that is it would be effective to the ends that America has in view—it is almost certain to be less ineffective than joining one side or the other when both sides are, though in different degree, straining the law; and most important of all, would furnish that satisfaction of the public desire to do *something*, to have a policy of some kind, without which war however foolishly ineffective may ensue simply from general public restlessness and irritation.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

THE DREAMERS.

Back of the beating hammer,
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor,
The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with lusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the Brains of Labor,
Which gives the work a soul!

Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the Eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain.

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives them through,
Back of the Job—the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come true.

—Authorship Unknown.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

MON.—Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or courts.

TUES.—Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

WED.—Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?

THURS.—And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

FRI.—There pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, wood-will to men.

SAT.—No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

—Longfellow.

NATURE'S COUNTRY BAND

There's a little band of singers
Every evening comes and lingers
'Neath the window of my cottage in the trees;
And with the dark they raise their voices,
While the gathering night rejoices,
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.
Then the twinkling stars come out
To enjoy the merry rout,
And the squirrels range themselves upon a log;
And the fireflies furnish light,
That they read their notes aright—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

All the night I hear them singing;
Through my head their tunes are ringing—
Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart;
Now the katydid and cricket.
From the deep of yonder thicket,
Then the croaking frog off yonder drones his part,
By and by the moon appears,
As the midnight hour nears,
And her smiles dispel the low'ring mist and fog;
Then the mirth is at its height,
And they glorify the night—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

—Atlanta Constitution.

If I have no coaches and horses, I can at least hang a tracery of vine leaves along my porch, so exquisitely delicate that no sculptor can match it.

—Donald G. Mitchell.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

V

The final week of this year's Summer School, immediately preceding the ninth session of the Tower Hill Congress, was one of unusual profit and interest, and left a feeling of regret that there were not other weeks to follow.

The Nature class was introduced to those stalwart friends of the Hill, the family of the Oaks, and to its brighter more fairy-like inhabitants, the flowers of many names and hues and habits, while in a most interesting evening session, the great trees of California were brought within our ken by Miss Howe's fine descriptions and her collection of cones and branches and photographs. Mr. Jones' reading of John Muir's account of Emerson's visit to the Redwoods added vividness to the picture. The last meeting of the class was adjourned to the roadsides and neighboring pastures, where decorations for the pavilion during the congress were secured.

On Thursday evening to an eager group in the Library, Mr. Jones read Fritz Kreisler's "Four Months in the Trenches"—a great, pulsating interpretation of the human side of the life in the European slaughter-house as it assailed the sensitive ear and pulled at the tense heart-strings of a trained and cultured musician who had laid down his bow to take up the bayonet.

Sunday found the Hill disconsolate because of the absence of its shepherd at the Clear Lake sheepfold, and the consequent loss of Vesper service, but the desertion was forgiven after the compensatory reading in the pavilion the following evening. Whitman's "Redwood Tree,' Hymn of Occupations," and "Captain, My Captain," were made to open to us again, as Whitman always must when finely interpreted, the paths to nature, to labor, and to brotherhood.

The tremendous and compelling scene from Andreyev's great drama, "The Sorrows of the Belgiums," in which Belgium's Prince seeks from her best-loved poet guidance in the terrible crisis of the war, closed the evening.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the Hill had as its guest Mr. George W. Cooke of Massachusetts, author of interpolation of Emerson, George Eliot, and of Browning, historian of the Woman Movement, and compiler of a most valuable anthology of the Poets of Transcendentalism. On Wednesday evening Mr. Cooke spoke in the pavilion, giving interesting personal reminiscences of Emerson, Thoreau, the Alcotts, and others of the Cambridge school Leaving this topic, he traced certain tendencies in the life of today—first the tendency, just now very noticeable, toward mysticism,, occultism, Christian Science, theosophy, Sundayism, and other forms of Supernaturalism, which he believes to be transient and soon to disappear, and the other tendency—one of growth and permanency—toward humanism, toward an appreciation of the social values, of the powers and forces emanating from human society as it is evolving.

Dr. Cooke then added to the philosophies and "isms" of the Hill a concise, impartial and convincing presentation of that "ism" which many of us are coming to feel must be added to the philosophy—and practice—of the world; namely, Socialism. This he described as a recognition of the need for removing all of the barriers which stand between the many and those opportunities for freedom and culture and education which are now open only to the few; for retaining for the benefit of *all* the people of earth, all of earth's resources—her mines, her forests, her water-powers; and for diverting the wasteful expenditures of war into the needy channels of education and race-improvement.

Of the negative side of Eugenics, the prevention by the state of the breeding of the unfit, Dr. Cooke spoke with approval, but stressed, in place of the rather doubtful value of positive eugenic breeding, the certain forces of education and environment which should place at the disposal of the plastic mind of every child born into the world the precious store of knowledge and experience already accumulated by the race.

During the discussion which followed, Dr. Cooke defined our present wage-system, and brought out the fact that just as our nation could not live half slave and half free, so it can not go on much longer with a few living upon the large profits produced by the many who live upon small wages. The evening was one of stimulating interest.

Permanently upon our minds and spirits remain the closing sessions of the summer's course in the history of religion, which this year has covered the life of Jesus and the making up of the New Testament. Perhaps for some it has been the first attempt at viewing this in the light of scholarship and the same methods of criticism which are applied to other accumulations and interminglings of fact and fancy—of folk-lore and history—of ethical and humanitarian teaching and ecclesiastical and doctrinal upbuilding and re-enforcement.

But after the clearing away of the later growths and of the additions and enshroudings of scribe and copyist, of church and state, of fond enthusiast and simple miracle-lover, there was made to stand out for us all, clearly and permanently, the loving, human democracy of the Nazarene, leading his people and all humanity toward freedom and equality and peace, and toward its infinite Father and its eternal evolution. Coupled with this appeared the high ethical ideals of Paul, as stated in the four or five authentic epistles from his hand which remain to us, and an assurance of immortality based not upon the shifting and always debatable authenticity of one physical resurrection, but upon an unshakable faith in the reasonableness of the Universe, which can not be satisfied with unfinished and incomplete fragments of individual lives; upon the universal and instinctive belief in our continued existencee, and upon the two immutable laws of science: the indestructibility of matter and of energy, and the continuing progression of an ever evolving human, and social, and cosmic order.

Throughout all this labor of cutting away the nonessentials, and laying bare the fundamentals, we were led safely and securely by the loving serenity and calm assurance of the Tower Hill Teacher, who transmits to each member of his class much of his own immovable faith in the eternal verities, and a goodly portion of his incomparable spirit of love and peace and brotherhood.

S. M. Q.

Tower Hill, Wis., Aug. 13, 1915.

VACATION NOTES

Dear UNITY:

It is long since I have had the inspiration or the time to send you any jottings, but some incidents of this summer's wanderings may interest your readers, so I pencil them, on the home stretch, to beguile the monotony of crossing the desert.

First, then, the rainy evening of May 29 found me turning my back on "Welcome Home," now dismantled and rented

for a year, to spend Memorial Day in Kansas City, as the first stage in a two months' holiday; 7:30 next morning found me in the commodious new station in that city. This long needed structure gave me such a pleasant surprise, that I quite enjoyed lingering to take breakfast there and inspect its many attractive features.

* * * *

The American Library Association held its thirty-seventh annual conference in Berkeley, June 3 to 9, under the auspices of the University of California Library and the California Library Association. Catching the first run of a new train from Kansas City, your correspondent had the unusual pleasure of arriving at destination a half day earlier than expected, which gave opportunity for quiet visiting with University friends before the arrival of the belated librarians' special train next day from San Diego. A pleasant feature of this conference was the being lodged in fraternity houses and the like, instead of at hotels. Certainly some seventy-five women assigned to College Hall, a private girls' dormitory on the edge of the campus, appreciated the privilege and made it a scene of unusual activity for this time of year, Mrs. Davis and her aids playing hostess to them most charmingly. Information bureau, registration desk and mail delivery established on the ground floor of the beautiful University Library building, made this a popular rendezvous in all leisure moments, while both general and special meetings, held in various buildings on the campus, were most faithfully attended. This was doubtless due to the notable freshness and interest of the program, coupled with the fact that liberal allowance had been made for social features and the acceptance of local hospitality. An opening reception in the women's gymnasium, a half day's entertainment by the city of Oakland, including an elegant luncheon, a visit to the new City Hall, the Public Library, and Mills College; an official A. L. A. day at the Panama Exposition and a Sunday excursion to Mt. Tamalpais and the Muir Woods were the salient features of the local entertainment, which the clear, cool weather made it possible to enjoy, along with the professional program, without undue fatigue. A little ripple of excitement arose at the closing session over the unexpected proposal that the Association send a message of hearty endorsement and support to President Wilson, but the Canadian members held their peace and the proposition was disposed of by reference to the Council, there being no question as to the sentiment of the meeting but only as to the propriety of an international body taking such action.

Leaving Berkeley on the ninth a day and two nights were spent at my brother's farm near Napa, followed by a return to San Francisco, to take boat for the three days' trip to Seattle. Head winds made old ocean anything but pacific for the first two days, but fairer vision of a city could hardly be imagined than the approach to Seattle on the third day over the soft, blue waters of Puget Sound. There nearly a week was spent in a Bahai home, a throbbing center of life and activity. Cut off by the war, since last October, from all outward communication with Abdul Baha, the deprivation has but intensified his followers' zeal in "giving the message" and living the life. The annual conference of believers usually held each April in Chicago, in connection with the feast of Rizwan, was this year very successfully held in San Francisco and won official recognition from the Panama Exposition authorities, not as a religious movement, but for its social and economic significance.

* * * *

Nearly a month of life on a California farm at the height of the apricot season followed the Seattle trip. Here we faithfully lived up to the California motto: "We eat all we can and what we can't we can," while incidentally getting a good coat of tan over the work of picking, cutting and drying. We learned of that new rural functionary, the farm adviser and of the interesting development of the farm center, and on July 5th attended a most enjoyable union picnic of two of these centers. The nonsectarian Sunday school, too, held in a neat little chapel built by neighborhood subscription, the land given by a well-to-do farmer, the plans by my brother, was another interesting evidence of the new spirit of comradeship and co-operation, while in the city of Napa itself we heard very live discourses from Baptist and Methodist pulpits and had evidence of new leaven in the Episcopal church as well.

But all this was mere incidental and side-issue to the main aim and purpose of our coast trip, the family reunion begun on July 5th and lasting ten days. "We are but three" and we had not been together for twenty-four years, so to us this is an event to date from. At its close, the home journey began. Yet we did not separate abruptly, for when sister and her husband left for their Alberta home, brother and his wife accompanied me southward as far as Atascadero, long an immense cattle ranch or the scene of United States annual military maneuvers, now the favored spot where E. G. Lewis,, Golden Rule Jones' old time "sweetheart," is once more bringing into manifestation his wonderfully comprehensive ideals of a nobler municipal life and community welfare.

It would take many letters to do justice to Atascadero—Mr. Lewis writes on every week for the *Woman's National Weekly*—but I am exceeding all bounds in these notes and can only express my satisfaction at having seen and heard that much abused man and for five days taken note with my own eyes and through the testimony of others, of the great constructive work that is going on here. Our visit was coincident with the convention of the Women's Republic and covered some of the special features of anniversary week. Two things were strikingly noticeable in our intercourse there: the enthusiastic love and devotion of the colonists to Mr. Lewis and the dignified self-restraint and desire, not just to sell, but to really serve, on the part of the land office force. Though only two years old, the beginning of community life are already in evidence. Homes are springing up in every direction and many are living in tents or in their garage, while the home is under construction. The informal neighborliness and realization of common interests so characteristic of the present tent city, cannot all disappear when the permanent homes and Civic Center structures replace it. An Atascadero band and also an orchestra have already been organized and add much to the pleasure of the life there. In the hollow summit of Pine mountain a stage has been erected under the mighty branches of a venerable live oak. Here concerts, dances and other entertainments are given, by the light of the moon or festoons of electric lights encased in Japanese lanterns, while the audience gathers on the surrounding hillside. On Sunday nights the band plays sacred music here as a prelude to an evening service. Then a goodly gathering fills the stage itself, though the hillside seats are by no means deserted, and the old familiar hymns roll out, reminding us that "the trees were God's first temples." A movement had just been started as we arrived, to organize the Atascadero Federated Church, whose only bond of union is to be that verse from Micah, "What doth the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Ninety signatures were secured the first day, including several Catholics, and there was every confidence that the number would be increased as fast as the colonists could be approached.

But I must stop or you will never print this. I am back at the old stand in the John Crerar Library, but, as the French say, I would "engage" Mr. Jones to put Atascadero on his next California itinerary. M. E. H.

LIBRARY WORK

On September 2d, an examination will be given by the Chicago Public Library, for applicants to the Training Class. This Training Class is conducted for the purpose of preparing young women for positions in the Public Library. The course covers eight months, and no tuition is charged.

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